

# The Spirit Within

By William D. Hazbitt

Jesus of Nazareth... who went about doing good

Some are an-hungered, some athirst,  
Some are borne down with heavy woe,  
Some are of sin and shame accursed,  
But in the Eve-star's heaven-glow  
All are befriended, each has heard  
Messages that bid him rejoice.  
We are the ones that speak the Word—  
Brother, my brother, it is His voice.

We go a-shuddering to the door  
Sorrowing over all the want,  
Giving the gifts brought of our store  
Into the hands by pain made gaunt.  
Nay, 'tis not ours that find the way  
Into the dark and noisome street,  
Bringing the cheer of Christmas day—  
Brother, my brother, it is His feet.

Child lips to laughter alien-strange  
Show us a miracle in this while,  
When over them there comes a change—  
When for the once they know a smile.  
Baubles we bring are jewels fair  
Found in the distant wonderlands.—  
Think you 'tis we who bring them there?  
Brother, my brother, it is His hands.

Pulsing to us through the centuries  
Murmurs forever in one deep key.  
"As ye have done it to one of these  
So have ye done it unto Me."  
Give as we can, and gladly, too—  
Out of the soul does the impulse start.  
What is the throbbing in me and you?  
Brother, my brother, it is His heart.



## ON EARLY CHRISTMAS DAYS

Quaint and Interesting Customs That  
Prevailed When the Church and  
Festival Were Young.

In the early days of the church, it is said that the bishops used to sing carols on Christmas day among their clergy, and around the sixteenth century the well-known practice observed by children of going around the neighborhood singing Christmas carols beneath the windows of the houses, was commonly observed, usually taking place on Christmas morning. One of the oldest and most beautiful of the Christmas carols that has come down to the present day open with these words:

"God rest you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,  
Was born upon this day,  
To save us all from Satan's power,  
When we were gone astray,  
O, tidings of comfort and joy!  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,  
Was born on Christmas Day."

It is sometimes more appropriate to sing the Christmas carols on Christmas eve than on Christmas day, although they are sung at both times; but in England the choir of the village church used to go around to the principal

houses in the parish and sing some of these simple hymns on Christmas eve regularly.

Frequently the singers were accompanied on some instrument and often the picture presented was a pretty one. The figures of the group of singers, only visible in the darkness by the lanterns they carried, and the sweet melody sung and played, made the observance a striking and beautiful one.

Sometimes in England, the carols were also sung in the churches in place of the usual psalms and hymns; although it was more customary for the clerk at the close of the service in a loud voice to wish all the congregation a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

### Why She Selected Him.

A pretty girl asked an ugly fellow to dance with her at a Christmas party. Thinking she must have fallen in love with him, Mr. Plainface pressed her to explain why she had chosen him before any other gentleman present.

"Because, sir, I desired a partner that my husband could not possibly be jealous of. He would not object to my dancing with you, I'm sure."

## HIS PHENOMENAL GIRL

SHE UNDOUBTEDLY WAS ONE OF  
THE SMARTEST EVER.

But Somehow the Father Failed Miserably in His Attempt to Convince the Man With the Square Jaw About Her.

A man with a Muttandjeff face and watery blue eyes boarded a car the other morning along with a tall man with a wide jaw and square-toed shoes.

"Well, sir," said the man with the Muttandjeff face as soon as they were seated, "that little girl of mine is certainly the greatest!"

"For my part," interrupted the firm-jawed man, "I think about half the members of congress could be arrested for taking money under false pretenses. They don't do a lick of work—just show up often enough to draw their pay. It's an outrage."

The man with the comic-picture countenance looked puzzled.

"I guess you didn't quite understand me," he said after a brief pause. "I was going to tell you a funny thing that little girl of mine said this—"

"Blamed if there ain't another tree that was blown over in the last big storm," remarked the strong-faced passenger calmly.

"Er-yes," replied the man with the watery blue eyes. "Well, this little girl of mine is the brightest!"

"On thing about that recent tariff session of congress," cut in the other man, "that pleased me is the fact that business kept going right ahead just as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening. They can muss around with the tariff all they've a mind to down at Washington, but people seem to be going right ahead turning out finished products and disposing of them at the old stand."

"Well, when she came down to the breakfast table this morning," pursued the parent of the phenomenal young one, "she looked at the buckwheat cakes on the table and—"

"Say, now you're talking," said the square-jawed man. "A lot of people quit eating buckwheat cakes when the warm weather comes along, but I eat 'em well into the summer. I'm crazy about buckwheat cakes. What kind do you have at your house—the old-fashioned buckwheat or the new-fangled self-raising kind?"

"Wh-uh-er, I don't know what kind my wife usually buys. Anyhow, as soon as my little girl saw the buckwheat cakes she—"

"Pretty hard to get anything as good as the old-fashioned things. Same way with maple sirup. The kind they have in the groceries may be on the level and all that, but give me the sort my uncle used to bring in to us from his farm when I was a kid. It'd be as thick as crude oil and with a flavor that was absolutely the best ever."

"That so?" weakly inquired the father of the extraordinary little girl.

"Well, she looked at those cakes solemnly for a minute, and then she looked first at her mother and then at me, and then she pointed at the cakes, and—"

"Speaking of pointing, I had a pointer dog die on me a week before last that I wouldn't have taken \$200 for. Just got him last fall, and he was as good a dog to take hunting as I ever saw. Just broke me all up when I found him dead."

"But see here," said the man with the weak eyes, "I wasn't saying anything about—"

"Well, here's where I get off," said the larger man. "Glad to've seen you. Take care of yourself." And he hurried to the front end of the car to alight.

"Any man," he growled, as he walked across the street, "who thinks he can bore me all the way downtown with tales of the scintillating brilliance of his offspring when I want to look over my morning paper has got to run up from behind when I'm not looking and blind and gag me, and even then he'd find me pretty hard to handle."

### They Were "Ulys" and "Mrs. G."

Mrs. Grant had no secretary to attend to her correspondence, the great bulk of which was referred to the office for action. She used to receive an enormous number of appeals for help, for charities, for assistance, in aid of almost every cause that could be imagined. Being a warm-hearted, sympathetic woman, some of these appeals made a strong impression upon her. I can remember several instances when Mrs. Grant requested her husband to give this person or that a position that was asked for, or to accede to some other request of like nature. She always called the president "Ulys," and excepting upon the most formal occasions, he always addressed her as Mrs. G. Both the president and his wife were plain people, simple in their tastes to an extent that would cause surprise to day, when everything has so changed throughout the social fabric of the entire nation.—W. H. Cook in "Memories of the White House."

### Plain Evidence.

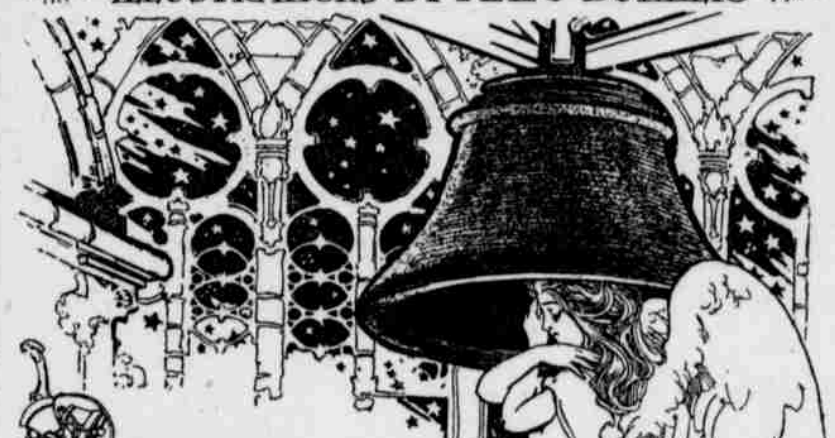
"I bought some wine the other day, and I astonished the clerk who waited on me by telling him I noticed he was a spiritualist."

"What made you observe that?" "Because when he prepared the bottle for me, I noticed he was engaged in spirit wrapping."—Baltimore American.



## WHY THE CHIMES RANG

By RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYO BUNKER



HERE was once, in a far-away country, a wonderful church. It stood on a high hill in the midst of a great city; and every Sunday, as well as on sacred days like Christmas, thousands of people climbed the hill to its great archways, looking like lines of ants all moving in the same direction.

At one corner of the church was a great gray tower, with ivy growing over it as far up as one could see. I say as far as one could see, because the tower was quite great enough to fit the great church, and it rose so far into the sky that it was only in very fair weather that any one claimed to be able to see the top.

Now all the people knew that at the top of the tower was a chime of Christmas bells. They had hung there ever since the church had been built, and were the most beautiful bells in the world. Some thought it was because a great musician had cast them and arranged them in their place; others said it was because of the great height, which reached up where the air was clearest and purest; however that might be, no one who had ever heard the chimes denied that they were the sweetest in the world. Some described them as sounding like angels far up in the sky; others, as sounding like strange winds singing through the trees.

But the fact was that no one had heard them for years and years. They were Christmas chimes, you see, and were not meant to be played by men or women. It was the custom on Christmas Eve for all the people to bring to the church their offerings to the Christ-child; and when the greatest and best offering was laid on the Christ-child, and the music of the choir the Christmas chimes far up in the tower. But for many long years they had never been heard. It was said that people had been growing less careful of their gifts for the Christ-child, and that no offering was brought, great enough to deserve the music of the chimes.

Every Christmas Eve the rich people still crowded to the altar, each one trying to bring some better gift than any other, without giving anything that he wanted for himself, and the church was crowded with those who thought that perhaps the wonderful bells might be heard again. But although the service was splendid, and the offerings plenty, only the roar of the wind could be heard, far up in the stone tower.

Now, a number of miles from the city, in a little country village, where nothing could be seen of the great church but glimpses of the tower when the weather was fine, lived a boy named Pedro, and his little brother. They knew very little about the Christmas chimes, but they had heard of the service in the church on Christmas Eve, and had a secret plan, which they had often talked over when by themselves, to go to see the beautiful celebration.

"Nobody can guess, Little Brother," Pedro would say, "all the fine things there are to see and hear; and I have even heard it said that the Christ-child sometimes comes down to bless the service. What if we could see Him?"

The day before Christmas was bitterly cold, with a few lonely snowflakes flying in the air, and a hard white crust on the ground. Sure enough, Pedro and Little Brother were able to slip quietly away early in the afternoon; and although the walking was hard in the frosty air, before daylight they had trudged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the big city just ahead of them. Indeed, they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it, when they saw something dark on the snow near their path, and stopped to look at it.

It was a poor woman, who had fallen just outside the city, too sick and tired to get in where she might have found shelter. The soft snow made of a drift of sort of pillow for her, and she would soon be so sound asleep, in the wintry air, that no one could ever waken her again. All this Pedro saw in a moment, and he knelt down beside her and tried to rouse her, even tugging at her arm a little, as though he would have tried to carry her away. He turned her face toward him, so that he could see her snow on it, and when he had looked at her silently a moment he stood up and said:

"It's no use, Little Brother. You will have to go on alone."

"Alone?" cried Little Brother. "And you not see the Christmas festival?" "No," said Pedro, and he could not keep back a note of a choking sound in his throat. "See this poor woman. Her face looks like the Madonna in the chapel window, and she will freeze to death if nobody cares for her. Every one has gone to church now, but when you come back you can bring some one to help her. I will rub her to keep her from freezing, and perhaps get her to eat the bun that is left in my pocket."

"But I cannot bear to leave you, and go on alone," said Little Brother.

"Both of us need not miss the service," said Pedro, "and it had better be I than you; and oh! if you get a chance, Little Brother, to slip up to the altar without getting in any one's way, take this little piece of silver of mine, and lay it down for my offering, when no one is looking. Do not forget where you have left me, and forgive me for not going with you."

In this way he hurried Little Brother off to the city, and winked hard to keep back the tears, as he heard the crunching footsteps sounding farther and farther away in the twilight. It was pretty hard to lose the music and splendor of the Christmas celebration that he had been planning for so long, and spend the time instead in that lonely place in the snow. The great church was a wonderful place that night. Every one said that it had never looked so bright and beautiful before. When the organ played and the thousands of people sang the words with the sound, and Little Pedro, away outside the city wall, felt the earth tremble around him.

At the close of the service came the procession with the offerings to be

laid on the altar. Rich men and great men marched proudly up to lay down their gifts to the Christ-child. Some brought wonderful jewels, some baskets of gold so heavy that they could scarcely carry them down the aisle. A great writer brought his book, and last of all walked the king of the country, hoping with all the rest to win for himself the chime of the Christmas bells. There went a great murmur through the church, as the people saw the king take from his head the royal crown, all set with precious stones, and lay it gleaming on the altar, as his offering to the holy Child. "Surely," every one said, "we shall hear the bells now, for nothing like this has ever happened before."

But still only the cold wind was heard in the tower, and the people shook their heads; and some of them said, as they had before, that they never really believed the story of the chimes, and doubted if they ever rang at all.

The procession was over, and the choir began the closing hymn. Suddenly the organist stopped playing as though he had been shot, and every one looked at the old minister, who was standing by the altar, holding up his hand for silence. Not a sound could be heard from anyone in the church, but as the people strained their ears to listen, there came softly, but distinctly, swinging through the air, the sound of the chimes in the tower. So far away, and yet so clear the music seemed—so much sweeter were the notes than anything that had been heard before, rising and falling away up there in the sky, that the people in the church sat for a moment as still as though something held each of them by the shoulders. Then they all stood up together and stared straight at the altar, to see what great gift had awakened the long silent bells.

But all that the nearest of them saw was the childish figure of Little Brother, who had crept softly down the aisle when no one was looking, and had laid Pedro's little piece of silver on the altar.

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## Behind the Gift

By Barbara Lee



MERRY Christmas! You're welcome! How have you enjoyed the first few hours today? Hasn't it been exciting and interesting! Now that the first little calm has come after the storm, let us settle back to look once again at gifts that are our special fortune to own in the great living room. There's father's gift. Can't you see dear old dad behind every page of your favorite set of books? All call, too, and illustrated by the only artist that appeals to you. What riches lie in the palm of your hand as you look! No one can rob you of these. Every page means the door of a new treasure house. How good of dear father! I wonder how he knew? He must have been listening when you and your chum had that ripping discussion of favorites. And you can't understand how he knew the color of your collection. Ah, well! Trust a father.

Mother's dressing gown. She made it unhelped and probably in the late night hours after the very long day.

See how cleverly her fingers have made three yards of cord look like much more. The loops and buttons are handmade; they cost so much less, and you know mother hasn't a bank account of her own. She has not cut down the rations, either. It's just her great, generous heart that has accomplished the seemingly impossible thing. The eyes are not so bright and blue as when she was the happy, laughing girl that dad first loved. But she sees just as far beneath the surface, and she knows how much you long for some things. Ah, what a world of sacrifice and love stands behind these gifts.

Oh, my! Don't smile, but isn't this just like that great, blundering cub of a Bob? He must have paid five or six dollars for this. Poor, misguided, stung brother! Now you can just see him snarling into the "art (save the mark!) needlework" store. Do you see his airy nonchalance as he casts his eye over the pin cushions arrayed in glistening, satiny lines? How much is this? And this? The latter being the more expensive, was quickly chosen. Oh, what ever are you going to do with it? Bright pink satin, with a suggestive bunch of bright forget-me-nots blooming out from beneath a ruffle of very cheap lace. You'll never forget it. You know—the kind of things you see at fairs. It may be the

reason! Perhaps the fair is an institution for helping hopeless pin-cushions along an easy way.

But that's Bob for you! Care free, big hearted, a little rough on the esthetic edges, but ever willing to give you the best. Put back the abomination of satin and sawdust. Don't hurt his feelings, please. Thank him for his thought, his generosity. You can do this without being a hypocrite.

Here's something that hurts. Why? Oh, because it has been given to "get ahead" of you. She has money and has bought the most expensive of its kind and has forgotten to remove the price! She really should not have done this, for she isn't one of your inner circle and she doesn't care for you. Money stands back of this. Nothing more than the dollar mark lies beneath the lid. You know it, and a bluish mounts to your cheeks when you think of the few remarks that you heard the giver make about you at Laura's tea. Why do people do these things?

Here's a queer one. Lift up the box lid again. It's an old shoe box, but some loving hands have covered it with two paper napkins and—look at the contents! A loaf of the finest Dutch cake you ever tasted. Dear Bridget never forgets you, does she? In her little four-roomed cottage, where she's very happy and very busy, she always bakes the bread that you relish and sends her awkward husband up with her best wishes every Christmas day in the morning. What that cake means only you and she can tell.

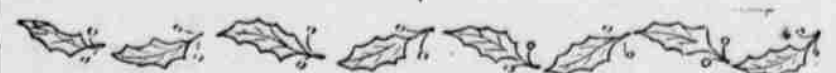
Let us look again at the little card before you. What did that? A tear falls on the colored church, with its bright roof and another splash on the snow that is piled with childish prodigality at the roadside. A little boy has drawn that for all for you. He calls you "Dear One," and once he told his mother that he felt sure that angels look like you, but she corrected him, as if a child could be stopped in harmless wonderings, and he never again ventured along lines of comparison. Poor little boy! You know what that card means! It means day and days of work. It means the gratitude of a crippled child who can't use a finger without pain. And he has drawn this for you!

Oh, my, isn't this funny! That clown of a Jack is up to his tricks again. He has bought a book for 49 cents and has inked it with his foolish hand, adding, "Reduced to \$1.08." And to pile Ossa on Pelion, he has been additionally frank in suggesting that it's "tres bum." That man can always get a smile from you.

There, you've dropped something! Don't lose that. It's a letter. Are you going to read it again? Why, you know every word in it!

"Dearest," it says, "I send you my heart, my soul, my life's best thoughts and actions. Will you keep them? Ah, no need to tell you what stands behind the note. You know, don't you?"

That's why it has been a very happy Christmas!



## CHRISTMAS THE CHILD'S DAY

By Rev. Brandford Leavitt.

Christmas is the child's day in the Christian year, and how this weary and uneasy world needs the child-like mind to save it from itself. What is more subtly fitted to the needs of a worn and dissipated world than the image of all that is alive and fresh and unstained? It is the child in men we look for and love—again today the child is the savior that answers a smile with a smile, that responds to the confidence with confidence, ready

to take you and me for what we would like to be and thus lifts us nearly to our ideal. I have admired wit in men and influence and grace and beauty in women and I find also that one disturbs these, grows indifferent to them as he gets older and sadder and wiser, but loves in men and women the little child, longs for some one not to admire nor praise nor be charmed by, but some one to love so that loving shall be peace.



## FRIGHTENED BY SANTA CLAUS

How the Dear Old Saint Carried Consternation into an African Mission House.

An amusing story of how Santa Claus frightened the black children at a mission station when he first appeared to them a few years ago, is told by the wife of a missionary stationed at Ballunda, Africa. They had celebrated Christmas at Ballunda before, but they never had had Santa Claus, so Mr. Stover, the missionary, dressed up as good Saint Nick.

"He had been padded and powdered and packed until his own mother would not have known him," Mrs. Stover afterward related. "Presently we gave the signal, the door flew open and in walked Santa Claus. But dear me! What consternation! He was greeted with shrieks and groans and cries of 'Let me out! It is the evil one. It is the day of judgment!'"

"The urchins, catching the infection of terror from the older black people,

fled to their bedrooms, fell down upon their faces, crept under chairs and tables—anywhere to hide themselves. Poor old Santa Claus never had such a greeting before. As soon as he realized the panic he had caused, he tore off his tall hat and white cotton beard. Then from the bags on his back he began to throw gifts right and left and to tell who he was.

"Reassured once more, everyone was soon laughing and chatting, munching the great 'red breads' (doughnuts), tasting their fruits or nibbling at the sweets from the familiar little bags.

"It seemed as though everyone tried to talk louder than his neighbor as they examined the costumes of Santa Claus, whom they now no longer feared. One man said that he thought it was John the Baptist, another that it was Elijah returned. Yet another thought it was Satan himself, 'and all my sins rose up before me,' while a fourth confessed, 'My only thought was to hide myself.'"